

Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY NO. 16

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

OF

SAGINAW, - MICHIGAN



ASYLUM OF
St. Bernard Commandery,

NO. 16, K. T.

SAGINAW, E. S., MICH., July 20th, 1895.

SIR KNIGHT:

Enclosed we hand you itinerary of the trip of St. Bernard Commandery to Boston in August. Accommodations have been secured for ninety-six people, **and it is desired to have them taken by members of this Commandery and their Families.** You are therefore requested to advise Sir Knight WM. WALLACE, Recorder, before August 1st proximo, for how many persons you wish accommodation. After August 1st, the unassigned accommodations will be sold to the public. We have many applications from outsiders to join our party, and in order to give them replies it will be necessary to know not later than August 1st, how many members of the Commandery will make the pilgrimage. The Committee cannot be responsible for the accommodation of Sir Knights who defer arranging for same after the above date.

Headquarters for this Commandery in Boston have been secured at the Hotel Brunswick. Sleeping apartments are located on St. James Avenue, one block distant. Meals will be served in same apartments.

This Commandery has accepted an invitation extended by SUTTON COMMANDERY, stationed at New Bedford, Mass., to visit them on Thursday, August 27th. We will remain there over night at the Parker House, which has been secured for our party for this occasion.

The cost of the entire trip, exclusive of meals en route is \$65.00.

The official Cards and Badges adopted by this Commandery have been placed in the hands of Sir Knight, W. F. TWELVETREES, who will furnish them at cost to members on application.

Attend to this early.

Courteously yours,

W. J. BARTOW,
EMINENT COMMANDER.

C. E. POWELL,
T. E. BORDEN,
C. J. REYNICK,
D. D. JOHNSON,
E. R. BURTT,
R. N. R. WHEELER,

COMMITTEE.

THE WAY WE GO.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R'Y TO PORT HURON.

G. I. R. via Toronto, to Kingston Wharf
RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. TO MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, VIA QUEBEC, TO NORTH STRATFORD.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R. VIA FABYANS TO PORTLAND.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R. TO BOSTON.

RETURN ROUTE.

FITCHBURG RAILWAY, VIA SARATOGA, TO ROTTERDAM JCT.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD TO NIAGARA FALLS.

GRAND TRUNK R'Y TO PORT HURON.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R'Y TO SAGINAW.

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE.

C. E. POWELL, *P. E. C.*

T. E. BORDEN, *P. E. C.*

C. J. REYNICK, *P. E. C.*

D. D. JOHNSON, *1 B., W. C.*

E. R. BURT, *2 B., W. C.*

R. N. R. WHEELER, *3 B., W. C.*

OFFICERS OF ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY NO. 16, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

WM. J. BARTOW, *Eminent Commander.*

W. F. TWELVETRUS, *Treasurer.*

F. B. TYLER, *Generalissimo.*

WM. WALLACE, *Recorder.*

A. L. BUTTON, *Captain General.*

CHAS. FRUCH, *Standard Bearer.*

A. J. LYND, *Prelate.*

A. E. LYON, *Sword Bearer.*

C. M. IRETON, *Senior Warden.*

R. N. R. WHEELER, *Warder.*

J. P. SHERIDAN, *Junior Warden.*

N. L. S. LENHEIM, *Sentinel.*

OUR BOSTON PILGRIMAGE.



T. BERNARD NO. 16, of Saginaw, Mich., has looked forward to this Boston trip, as "The Boy" would anticipate the pleasures of an outing. She has been in attendance at nearly every conclave. She realizes the pleasures to be derived and the responsibilities incumbent. The short sketch following may serve to introduce us again.

When Michigan was a Frontier State, Saginaw easily led the van in business and bustle. She nestled just at the edge of the timber line and distributed the pine of Michigan throughout the markets of the world. As the axe of the pioneer chopped into the vitals of the wilderness, so did Saginaw grow and find a place among the cities of the State, until now she ranks among the best. Her public school system reaches the top notch. Her electric lines, spanning the east and west sides of the river, dividing the city, form a perfect whole, wherein harmonious action is building up a future not to be denied. The Masonic Temple of Saginaw, while perhaps not as rich in superfluous decoration as some, is still a grand home and abiding place, and of which the Grand Commandery at their last session said, "There is none better in Michigan." St. Bernard Commandery has grown with the town, and looks with pride to this, its share of progress. We leave Saginaw on Wednesday at two P. M., on the old "stand-by," the "Pioneer road of the Valley," the Flint & Pere Marquette Railway for Port Huron.

Port Huron, the Tunnel City, made famous by the immense Submarine Tunnel under the St. Clair River. The Grand Trunk Railway has perhaps achieved no greater triumph than the construction of this pathway on dry land from Michigan to Canada. Its portals with cavernous look seem to forbid an exploration of the depths below. We might stop to think of the danger courted in a journey beneath the rushing green waters of the river, on whose bosom floats the commerce of two great nations, were it not for the sublime confidence we hold in the scientific man of the nineteenth century. It has been possible during our short lives to see such feats accomplished as would have read in olden times like the fairy story of "Canute," seated upon the shores of the ocean, forbidding the angry waves to ascend farther into his domain. We, with "Canute," have not yet been able to bridle "Father Time" or the "Waves of the Ocean," but have learned enough to lead one to suppose that all were possible, were we to invoke the aid of modern science. It is but a step from Port Huron to London.

London,—a city of about thirty thousand people. Supper will here engross our time and guide our inclinations. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.



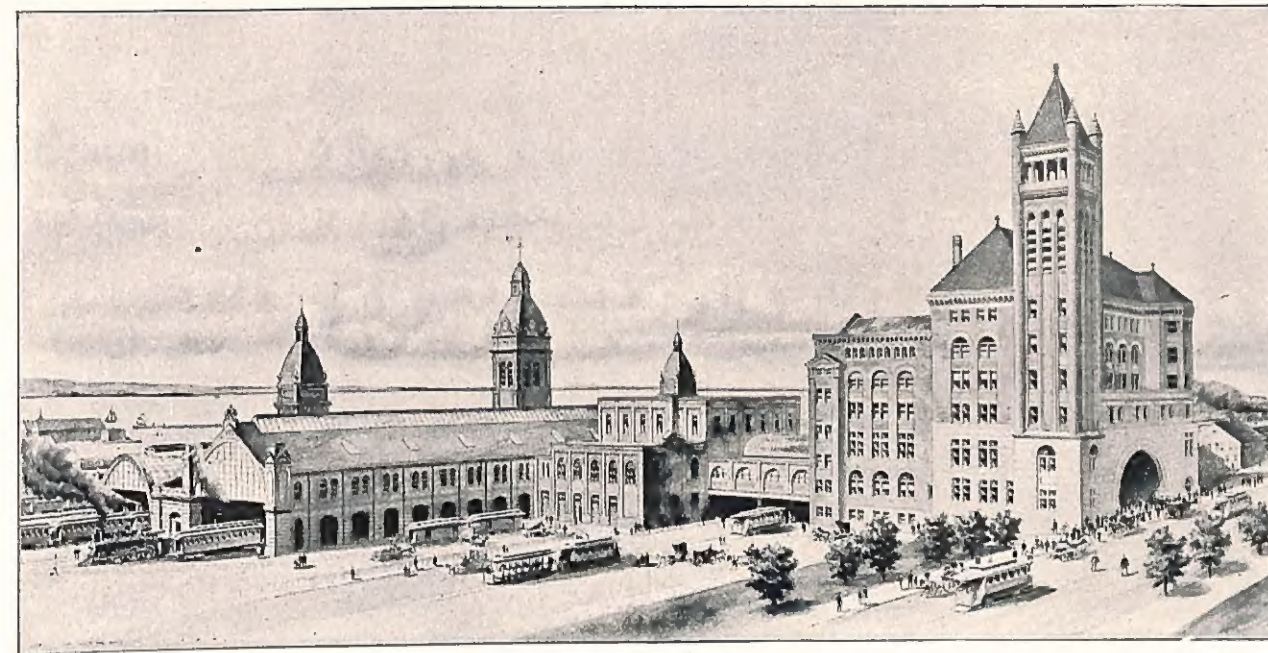
Burlington Heights, Hamilton.

A pretty view at Dundas,—Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

Toronto,—“The American City of Canada.” About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long,—the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are on the way to Kingston,—perhaps asleep, but awake to the pleasures and comfort of the trip thus far.

Kingston.—The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the *St. Lawrence River*.

Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty, seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but

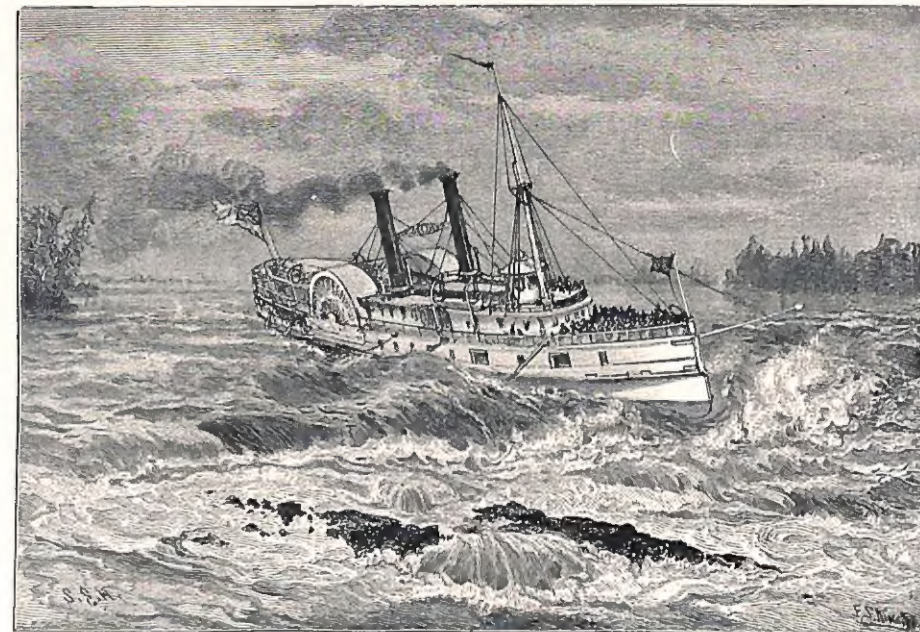


Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food,—for these, the option is provided.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to age and power, for good or ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overwhelming surges would leave no mark or buoy, to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

placid waters once again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.

Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six P. M. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast number of visitors; her streets are well paved, and intercepted at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal, the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness seldom equaled.

Quebec.—Montreal possesses many features of interest, which are indeed so new to the average American visitor. She lies, as it were, on the threshold, dividing the new and the old worlds. Montreal, with her cosmopolite sojourners, serves to introduce us, by degrees, to the changes incident to a visit to Quebec.

Quebec, as old-fashioned as time, as foreign to our present as need be, seems the last link which



Place d'Armes, Montreal.



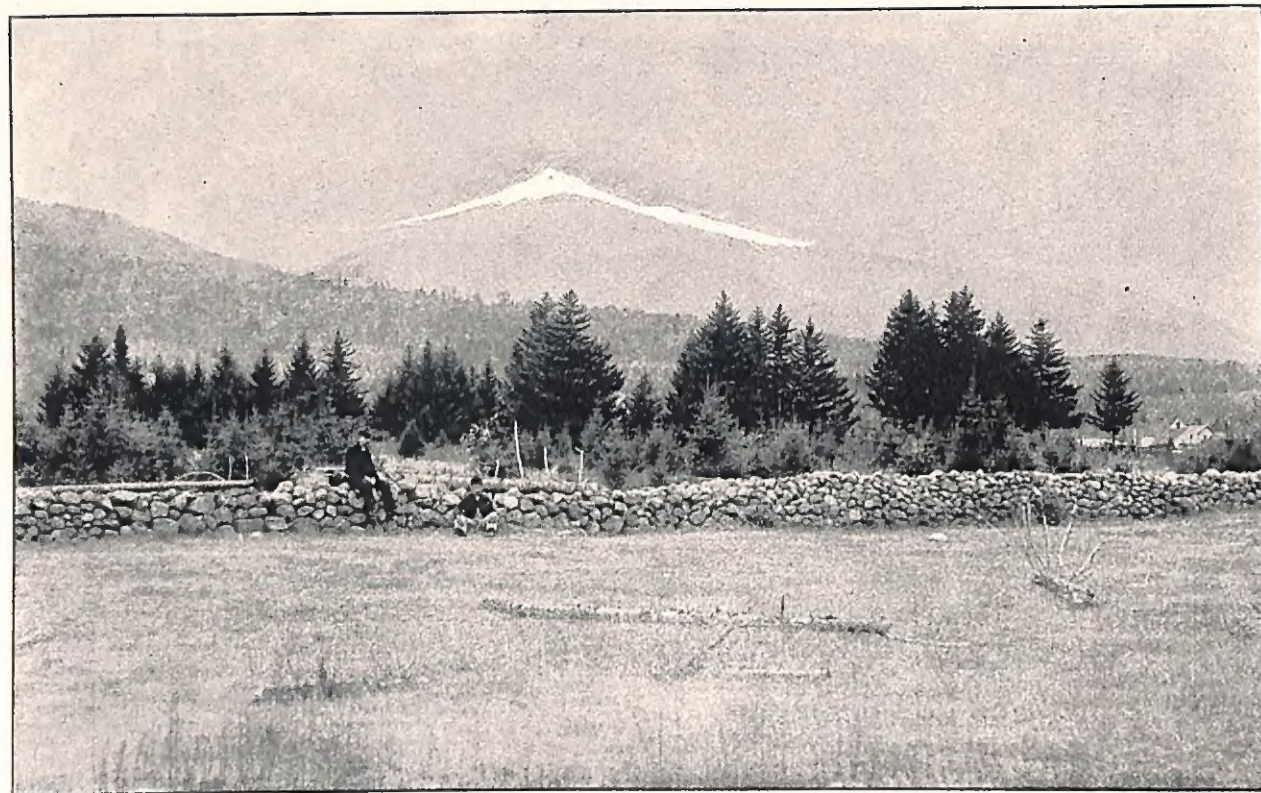
Kent Gate, Quebec.

perhaps binds Canada's eventful past with the new world's present. The day dream of the poet, the hero worshiper, the historian, may be fed from no more interesting food than even a glance at her present antiquity could furnish. He who conjures up the flight of armies over Europe and the Continent, massing now before some stronghold of the enemy, or sees them as at Metz or Paris, entrenched behind massive lines of fortifications, will be brought face to face at Quebec with the foundation facts whereon may be builded a story, brighter, far more grand to us as Americans, than the struggles of Europe could present. Quebec lies at our gates. The pages of history record no greater undertaking than the settlement of America; they record no greater struggles than were borne by Washington and our forefathers for us; neither do they paint a picture surpassing, in historic interest, the French and English struggle for supremacy under these very walls. She lies now as tranquil as death. Overlooking the St. Lawrence, her proud fortifications seem but fitting monuments of departed greatness. Her old stone walls speak not of this age. The bastions of the old fort, although holding the British cannon in their mouths, and look to long for activity, not sleep, yet is it not the flood gates of the old, old history of evolution, which, opening, force our thoughts to linger on the then bright side of war. The good old times are left behind; the newer, better times are here. Can we not, as Knights Templar, learn an object lesson at Quebec? Do we not stand on principles stronger and more mighty than these walls of stone, carrying our banners to certain victory in the war of Christian progress, which shall outlive these cannon, these stones and these monuments?

The whole day will be given up to Quebec from seven in the morning until seven in the evening; then we leave for



Quebec from Levis.



North Stratford.—One would think of repose only, in looking about here, at the quietude, which seems to reign supreme amongst the green of the hillsides and the blue of the sky. The gentle breeze bearing the fragrance of Summer through the train only helps the dream along.

The Grand Trunk Railway has turned us over to the Maine Central Railroad, for their part in the fulfillment of a promise to show us the sights in and about the White Mountains.

En Route.—Mr. F. E. Boothby, General Passenger Agent, has said in a modest way, that St. Bernard Commandery would be treated to as much enjoyment on a passing trip over this portion of the Maine Central, as though a week were spent hunting beauties on an opposition railroad. We are beginning to believe the gentleman, as the plains crowd into valleys, the valleys into mere defiles, through the mountains, that we wind about.

Fabyans.—This is a beautiful spot from where generally the ascent of Mount Washington are made. The Old Mountain—doesn't she look majestic in the distance? Then, this picture—a haze of cloud, just rising as a curtain to unveil the hidden grandeur of Dame Nature's play—will dwell with us with more than passing pleasantry.

Crawfords.—Another gem. It should not be given to one short of time, or space, to describe such self-satisfying scenes. Continuing in succession, we will find a charming admixture of the grand, the wonderful and the quiet, in this caldron, wherein is condensed all we expected to see in a week's journey. The White Mountain trip has repaid us for relying on what Mr. Boothby said.



Old Orchard Beach.



Beauties of Casco Bay.

Portland, Me.—Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.

Old Orchard Beach.—We have traveled over the Grand Trunk Railway from Saginaw, nearly all the way to Portland; we leave it for the Boston & Maine from there to Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other adjuncts of a first-class watering place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. ~~We spend the whole day Sunday at Old Orchard Beach.~~

Sunday **Monday Morning, August 26th.**—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of "*Bean-town*." We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season's "summer girl," conjuring up the many visions of how she'd look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not "*The Hub?*" There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic "Commons," her own history itself as a "Commonwealth," will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impressions. We are all here for that purpose.

The Return Trip.—As the case always is, there are so many return routes which have been talked over and speculated on at this time that the Committee have been forced to select one way of returning and name it the official return route. The others mentioned are of course at the option of the pilgrim.

The Official Return Route.—Fitchburg Ry., *via* Saratoga to Troy or Albany; West Shore R. R., *via* Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo to Niagara Falls; Grand Trunk system to Port Huron and F. & P. M. home. Saratoga will no doubt be of interest to a great many, being the most famous inland watering place in America. The waters of its springs are noted for their medicinal properties, and its grand hotels for the advantages of associating with the *elite* of America's society.

The Line of the West Shore.—The early Dutch settlers could not refrain in this "New Holland" from coupling it with the old. Hence the "Mohawk River" flows down through its valley, touching a great many of the oldest towns in America. It was through this valley that the first explorations were made, indeed the first towns were settled by the pioneers from the Atlantic coast. Consequently we find the country thickly settled. In fact the line of the West Shore traverses the garden spot of the State of New York. We will pass on to Niagara Falls.



Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls.—While *en route* you will likely be desirous of seeing Niagara Falls. You will all pass by it, why not stop off? In the fore part of the description of our trip we have compared the Whirlpool Rapids with the St. Lawrence. It is well that some such comparison were not attempted with Niagara Falls themselves. There seems to be nothing under the blue canopy which can appeal as strongly to the sense of admiration as a sight of Niagara Falls. The gurgling, white-capped current above them rolls relentlessly toward the brink, as does the span of human life,—then, beyond, the future,—from which no traveler has e'er returned. Niagara Falls will, for centuries to come, roll down the page of history, and no one will appear to say, We owe you no homage. We are pleased to see Niagara each time, be our visits ever so frequent.

"The rushing waters seem to reach a goal
So dark—so deep—
And mingle present, past and future in the fold
Of everlasting sleep."

After Niagara we will hurry home to rest and dream over pleasantries and pictures long to be remembered.



TIME CARD.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21.

Leave Saginaw,	2.00 P. M.
Arrive Port Huron, . . .	4.30 "
Leave Port Huron,	4.35 "
Arrive London, (Supper) . .	6.00 "
Leave London,	6.30 "

THURSDAY, AUG. 22.

Arrive Kingston,	4.30 A. M.
Leave Kingston, (Boat) . . .	5.00 "
Arrive Montreal, (Supper) . .	6.00 P. M.
Leave Montreal,	10.30 "

FRIDAY, AUG. 23.

Arrive Quebec,	7.00 A. M.
Leave Quebec, (Via N. Stratford)	7.00 P. M.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24.

Arrive Fabyans, (Breakfast) . .	7.30 A. M.
Leave Fabyans,	10.00 "
Arrive Portland, (Dinner) . . .	1.00 P. M.
Leave Portland,	4.00 "
Arrive Old Orchard Beach, . . .	4.30 "

MONDAY, AUG. 26.

Leave Old Orchard Beach,	2.00 A. M.
Arrive Boston,	6.30 "

THURSDAY, AUG. 29.

Leave Boston,	7.25 A. M.
Arrive New Bedford,	9.30 "

FRIDAY, AUG. 30.

Leave New Bedford,	7.25 A. M.
Arrive Boston,	9.30 "
Leave Boston,	10.30 "
Arrive Fitchburg, (Dinner) . . .	12.00 N.
Arrive Saratoga,	5.00 P. M.
Leave Saratoga,	10.00 "

SATURDAY, AUG. 31.

Arrive Niagara Falls,	7.00 A. M.
Leave Niagara Falls,	1.00 P. M.
Arrive Port Huron,	8.00 "
Arrive Saginaw,	10.30 "